THE ARGUS.

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By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, November 26, 1907.

The football players may soon get their annual fall hair cut.

The Thanksgiving season is upon us—and not a chirp from Turkey.

Jacksonville is now after the gamblers. Gambling is one of the worst evils that can infest a community. Jacksonville has been afflicted with this cancer for some time, and will perform an important service for itself when this insidious form of lawlessness is wiped out.

Sergeant John Hazley, U. S. A., describes the Philippines as "A bunch of trouble, bounded on the west by smugglers, on the north by rocks and destruction, on the east by typhoons and monsoons, and on the south by cannibals and earthquakes." While this is not just as Judge Taft puts it, reading between the lines, many can see the truth of the statement.

A Long Island farmer who is interested in raising winter vegetables is trying out a novel electrical experiment. An electric arc light is used as a nocturnal substitute for the sun's rays. The vegetables are grown indoors and the arc light travels by means of a small motor, from end to end of the building. It is said that these plants look as healthy and vigorous as those grown under the sun.

This pretty story is told by the Nebraska City (Neb.) News: "A young lady, in hastily turning the corner of a street, accidentally ran with great force against a ragged beggar boy and nearly knocked him over. Stopping as soon as she could, and retracing her steps, she said very kindly: 'I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am very sorry that I ran against you.' The boy was wholly amazed. He looked at the lady one moment, and then, taking off his tattered cap, made a graceful bow and said, as his face lit up with a smile: 'You have my parding, Miss, and ye're welcome to it. And say, the next time you run ag'in me you can knock me clean down and I won't say a word.' After the lady had passed on, the boy said to a companion: 'I say, Jim, it's fine to have somebody asking yer parding, ain't it?'"

One of the highest officials of the United States department of agriculture, speaking to the Washington correspondent of the New York World, said: "Last year the value of our farm products exported to foreign countries was in round numbers $1,158,000,000, or a little less than $4,000,000 a day. Whereas, the gross amount of certain products for the present year may not be as great as last, their value is considerably more and our farmers have been reaping the benefit of the increase. In fact, we are now exporting nearly $5,000,000 worth a day, and this excellent business must continue or the whole country will suffer. I don't wish to be pessimistic, but it is just as well to look conditions squarely in the face. The present state of affairs in New York, of course, is due in a large degree to the criminal recklessness of a lot of gamblers and business wildcats in Wall street, but money is tight everywhere, Europe being practically no better off in this respect than America. The great newspapers of the country print a lot about the better times coming because of the large importations of gold being made almost daily. It seems strange that a fearless and powerful journal like the World does not call attention to the fact that if this sort of thing keeps up only a little longer Europe will have no money with which to pay for our farm products and that a large part of the $1,500,000,000 worth of products we have on hand for foreign consumption must inevitably glut the home market or remain unsold. This would mean hard times, the like of which the present generation has never seen. Matters appear all the more serious when it is remembered that 58 per cent of all our agricultural exports go to Great Britain and its possessions. England is sending us a major portion of the gold now being received, and yet it is no secret that things financial are almost as serious there as they are here."

Senator Hopkins.

Senator Albert J. Hopkins is having a difficult time finding plausible excuses why he should be returned to the United States senate. He has the support of the "federal machine" because he has been interested in the construction and enlargement of this peculiar piece of political mechanism, but he is finding little encouragement in the matter of popular support.

In the first place, Senator Hopkins has not, during his term as United States senator, done anything that particularly attracts attention to him as a champion of the people. He has not done anything as a member of the senate that makes it essential that he be reelected.

There is no demand for the reelection of Hopkins except among professional politicians or from a few newspapers controlled by those politicians, and this is a pretty good reason why Hopkins should be defeated.

As to Hopkins' vote in the matter of the removal of Mormon Apostle Reed Smoot from the United States senate, he is making a weak defense of that action, which was in antagonism to the wishes of the people. However ingenious Hopkins may make his excuses and explanations of his action, he always will be kept on the defensive, because there was great public demand—demand from the people, the pulpit and the press—for the senate to vote Smoot out of that body, and in the face of this general demand Hopkins not only voted to retain Smoot, but was one of the first and foremost leaders in the fight to keep Smoot in his seat.

Senator Hopkins will have a hard time satisfying the voters of Illinois that he did right in ignoring public demand.

Spooner Then and Now.

Rockford Star: How suddenly the lure of gold can change a man's views. Take former Senator Spooner as an example. When he was a member of the senate he was the mouthpiece of the administration. In his opinion then Theodore Roosevelt could do no wrong. He approved the president's policies one and all. He saw no effort at one-man power; no attempt to deprive the states of their rights; no desire to set the constitution aside.

That was Senator Spooner as the representative of a great state and great party.

Now, behold the change.

Mr. Spooner is now a citizen of New York where he is the attorney for several great corporations. He recently delivered an address in which he described a new Roosevelt as contradistinguished from the Roosevelt he knew when he, Spooner, was a senator. The new Roosevelt is a dangerous man; a man with all the instincts of a despot; a man who has no regard for the written law of the land. The new Roosevelt would throttle the states, annul any part of the constitution at will, force his policies on an unwilling congress, govern by the big stick and who has already proven himself the long-looked for man on horseback who is to send free institutions to the demnition bow-wows.

Whom shall we believe? Which picture is the most correctly drawn?

Senator Spooner has assured us that President Roosevelt is a wise statesman, a patriot who seeks the country's good. Mr. Spooner of New York, the attorney for trusts and great corporations, declares he is a dangerous man.

It is quite probable the people will accept Senator Spooner's estimate of the president. They are quite likely to assume that Mr. Spooner, the corporation lawyer, has simply filed a brief for his new masters.

Political Game in Congress.

St. Louis Republic: In the first session of the 60th congress, which begins next Monday, the game of politics will be played to the limit. The contest for control of the republican party between the friends and the enemies of President Roosevelt within the party will be waged keenly from the reading of his bulky annual message to the day of adjournment, shortly before the national conventions meet.

Little or no legislation of real benefit to the country is to be expected. Every bill will be scanned by members of the majority party in the senate with an eye solely to its bearing on the political fortunes of the one or the other faction. If anything of substantial good is done it will come incidentally to this contest and not as the main purpose of its authors.

It is remotely improbable that any radical or novel recommendations the message may contain will be enacted into law. In the senate the president will have from the flamboyant Foraker the same active and unrelenting hostility that he had in the last congress. Aldrich, leading the "old guard" of republican senators, will thwart him at every possible turn.

In the house it is already settled that Uncle Cannon will be reelected speaker, and it seems as good as settled that his autocratic rule will not be exercised under the dictation of the president, as it was in both sessions of the 59th congress.

If the concert of opinion between Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon on the financial situation prevails in the two houses, or in either of them, there will be no currency legislation, for these potent leaders of the majority party hold that the only thing necessary to set the financial boat right on its keel again is for the New York banks to resume payments of their balances to banks in other parts of the country.

There will be no tariff legislation. Speaker Cannon will sit so heavily on every proposal for liberal appropriations for western waterways that the advocates of that policy will have to fight hard to get any concessions at all.

The session of congress will be a sort of preliminary meeting of the republican national convention. If at an early date President Roosevelt does not distinctly disavow all third term intentions the session is likely to end in an irreconcilable division which will mean no good for the republican party in the presidential election.

The Canal Commissioners.

Just now the Illinois-Michigan canal commissioners are under heavy fire, and the Chicago Tribune suggests that as a result of the revelations of ignorance on the part of said commissioners, they should lose their jobs. It is asserted that the commissioners have done absolutely nothing.

But here comes an authority on the subject, who says the commissioners have done something. The Joliet Evening Herald declares the commissioners have done and done well their heaviest task—that of drawing a per diem of $5. The Herald issues a defi to the Tribune or anyone else to prove that any one of the gentlemen has in any way shirked his duty when it came to gathering in from the pockets of the people of the state the daily "five spot" due each commissioner for his "work."

Cleveland and Roosevelt.

At last Grover Cleveland can join the ranks of those politicians from whom Mr. Roosevelt has borrowed his policies. The president has followed Cleveland's policy of issuing bonds to replenish the supply of gold in the treasury. There is this difference, however, that Cleveland was forced to act by conditions brought about by his predecessor, while Roosevelt's act has been made necessary by conditions produced by republican policies.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"Investing in Fame"—By Taylor White.

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Miriam, her arms full of flowers, stepped through the little door leading from the stage to the auditorium. Her eyes still sparkled with the excitement of the evening, and the clear skin glowed brightly pink as the little groups, still lingering in the hall, hurried forward to compliment the leading lady.

To John Temple, lingering in the background, it seemed as if Miriam had never looked so lovely, and he pressed forward to take his place in the little crowd.

"Take the flowers, please, Jack," she said as he caught her eye. "Every one has been so kind to me. I feel that I do not deserve it all. You should have heard what Mr. Stanley said. He wants to speak to Mr. Belasco about me. He is sure that he can place me with his company after a little technical instruction."

"JACK," SHE SOBBED, "TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE."

Temple dutifully took the flowers and stepped into the background. He hated these private theatricals at which his wife shone so brilliantly. Still more, he hated Stanley, the professional coach, who had played the lover. Of course the love was all a pretense, a sham of the stage, but just the same he did not like to see his wife in another's arms.

For half an hour Mrs. Temple held her little court while the janitor waited impatiently to close the hall. Then Stanley joined the group, and Mrs. Temple moved toward the entrance.

"I have asked Mr. Stanley to have a bite of supper with us," she explained over her shoulder to her husband, and it was Stanley who helped her into the carriage and took his seat beside her, leaving the front seat to Temple and his load of flowers.

It was over the table that Stanley sprang his mine. For an hour he argued in favor of Miriam's determination to go upon the professional stage, and in the end he prevailed. Temple, worn and exhausted with the struggle, pushed his chair back and rose from the table.

"It may be as you say," he said wearily. "If Mrs. Temple is destined to become an ornament to the American stage, I suppose I am selfish in withholding my consent."

"My dear fellow," cried Stanley, with offensive familiarity, "I tell you Mrs. Temple can't help being one of the stars of next season. It's in her, and it's bound to come out."

Temple made no reply as he moved away from the table and crossed to the library for a cigar. This was what he had feared from the time Miriam had scored her first success. Perhaps it was as well to have it over with.

A week later Mrs. Temple was established in New York with her mother, and daily she worked at her lessons in the dingy cavern of an unlighted stage, taking delight in the fact that she was treading the boards that nightly served as the pedestal of one of the foremost actors of his day. Stanley was a coach of no mean skill, and he worked with a will to earn the large fees that were paid him. By spring he was able to place Miriam in a small part in a Broadway production. The cost of the costumes was double that of the salary to be paid for the entire engagement, and the manager was glad to get some amateur who would dress the part artistically, while at the same time he was shrewd enough to realize the advertising possibilities of the wife of a millionaire almost nationally famous.

Encouraged by her success, Miriam gave up her summer to study at the suggestion of Stanley, who was glad to move to the Temples' country home and drive the Temple horses when lessons were not in progress.

He had obtained an offer of the same part for the coming season, but Miriam was not content to continue in a minor role, and Stanley, seeing that the end was near, suggested an invitation performance.

"Mrs. Temple can play small parts to the end of her days," he pronounced ponderously. "What we want to do is to force the issue—to show people what she is really capable of. We'll hire a theater, get a good cast and put on, say, 'Romeo and Juliet.' That will make the managers sit up and take notice."

"Very well," said Temple quietly. "Get the best company you can and do the thing right."

Miriam, to whom Stanley had already broached the proposition, stared at her husband. Temple was a multimillionaire, but the ten or twelve thousand dollars that Stanley had declared the experiment would cost was a large sum to venture on a single matinee. Impulsively she sprang from her seat and ran to kiss him.

Temple smiled gently. It was the first voluntary kiss Miriam had given him since her greeting at the station. She did not realize in her absorption in her work how little attention she paid him.

Once assured of the success of his scheme, Stanley went up to town, leaving Miriam with her husband for a week. He wanted to be free to make arrangements for the theater, and Miriam, in her intervals of study, found it very pleasant to sit in the cool evenings with her husband and watch the boats glide by on the river far below. Not until Stanley had left had she noticed how pleasant it was to be freed from his exuberant presence. She was sorry when her tutor wired her to return to town.

For six weeks she was drilled in her new part. Every line was gone over carefully and the exact accent studied. She began to loathe the lines. From the companies playing in town and from those players not under engagement Stanley had made up an excellent cast. He had intended engaging cheaper people that his own share of the money might be greater, but for the first time John Temple took an interest in his wife's career and gave personal supervision to the formation of the supporting company.

Some few papers made half contemptuous advance mention of the performance, and the critics gleefully sharpened their pencils, but Miriam, unconscious of everything but the play, did not even see the half jesting allusions to the new star.

Then came the matinee. Stanley had seen to it that a claque was present, but in spite of the uproarious applause Miriam felt the insincerity of it all, and this added to the depression already induced by her knowledge of how poorly she appeared beside these well trained players.

At home among friends and amateurs whom she outshone the knowledge of superiority had buoyed her up. Now the veil was rudely torn from her eyes, and she beheld her limitations with the clearness of an outside observer. To complete her lesson she overheard a conversation between two of the lesser members of the cast.

"Stanley stands to clean up $5,000 off this show alone, besides what he made off his coaching lessons," said the first. The other laughed.

"I never saw a man with such luck at catching suckers," he said. "I wish I had the trick. They tell me he's made"—

Miriam's call came, and she lost the rest. She lay upon Juliet's bier with the words ringing in her ears. In a flash she saw it all. Stanley, playing upon her love for the stage, had encouraged her in the belief that she could make a great actress solely for the sake of the money she would pay him for his services as a coach, and Jack, her Jack, had been called a sucker.

The odious word bit into her brain, and it was with difficulty that she took up her lines when her cue came. The tomb scene was mercifully short. She bowed and smiled to the perfunctory applause as the curtain rose again. Most of the audience was heading for the entrance. The claque alone remained faithful.

Stanley as the curtain fell turned to offer his congratulations, but she roughly pushed him aside. Temple had come on to the stage, and she went straight to him.

"Jack," she sobbed, "take me away from here. Take me home. I don't want to act. I want just you, dear."

And Temple, writing a final check for Stanley, laughed softly to himself. His investment in fame had yielded ripe returns, as he had foreseen.